

SLIGHTLY GOSSIPY.

It is stated that the progressive young ladies are buying shirts at the fancy goods stores similar to those worn by their fathers and brothers. One firm is said to have made a very good thing by selling a supply of boys' shirts to these fair creatures that were out of fashion and would otherwise have remained on their hands. When girls began to wear their brothers' collars, buying the first supply of course at the shops, and purloining further supplies from their brothers' wardrobes, the brothers of the land were loud and plentiful with complaints. Now that the looting of the collars promises to be followed by a wholesale raid on the shirts with cuffs attached the domestic atmosphere is more charged with danger than ever.

A "guest's" prize is the latest thing for the progressive euchre and high five clubs. The regular members of a club naturally dislike to have a guest invited for a single evening carry away a prize, and to obviate the difficulty a "guest's prize" is provided—not out of club funds, but by the hostess who invites in outsiders. This goes to the guest making the best score, while the club prizes go to the regular members.

One must be in fashion, if one sometimes is compelled to resort to peculiar methods. There was a young lady whom I saw at the theater the other night. She had an opera glass, but it didn't have one of those new-fangled handle attachments, so she improvised a handle by inserting the end of her fan in the finger-holes, and thus she held it all the evening. I suggested to a friend that it was because she wanted to put on style, but he promptly replied that she was probably laced so tight that she couldn't raise her arm high enough to hold her glass to her eyes, and that the use of the fan was a case of necessity. Girls, is it a fact that any of you lace so tight as that?

What does "cute" mean? There are a lot of cynical young men, who smile and answer: "Why, don't you know? When you say any one is cute, you mean that their lower limbs have a graceful curve like this." I cannot think, however, that a word so universally applied can have such an ignoble meaning. I know the sweetest girl almost anywhere who calls a young man, who loves her very dearly, "A natty, cute, sweet man," and she certainly does not intend to cast any reflections upon his physique. Besides, we all call girls "cute," when they are little and bright and vivacious and full of strangely attractive mannerisms, and I'm sure—but please! To be little is the one absolute essential to "cuteness," a girl need not necessarily be pretty even. If she has a nose a trifle retroussé, it is an advantage; a mouth somewhat too large doesn't interfere at all. As for that, though, a large mouth is always delicious in a woman if its smile be sweet and the lines about the lips soft and tender. "Cute" seems to be an apology for lack of beauty sometimes. We hear it said: "No, she's not pretty, but so awfully cute." Any how, it is a very ingenious and useful little slang word and fits almost anywhere.

Clara Bell is authority for the statement that the dear girls, to be absolutely correct, must have their underwear all of one hue. Your corsets must harmonize with your silk skirts and petticoats, and these again must be in tone with your gown. If your dress be violet, then must your underwear be a dainty lavender. If you robe yourself in pink, your skirts and corsets must be the color of the rose. If blue, your undergarments must also suggest forget-me-not. After a time your friends will know your favorite hue of undergarments, and will, in giving you a present, make a delicate allusion to your fancy. A woman who generally wears black, always robes her snowy form in palest mauve or lavender undergarments. One of her dear 500 friends sent to her a basket of violets tied with knots of sweet lavender satin ribbon. Another, in giving her a dainty piece of Dresden china, ornaments the gift with roses of the same sweet shade.

Then, too, your perfumes must match your gowns. White lilac must be wafted from the soft billows of white lace or tulle, which it pleases you to wear; if you adopt pink you must smell as sweet as any rose. What should you go with black? Some subtle, sensuous eastern perfume or a mixture of various sweet odors. You must have some favorite sachet powder, and, taking a quantity of it, put with it orrisroot, almond meal and bran, tying it all in a bag of thin muslin, or cheese-cloth. This must go to the Turkish bath, along with your comb and brush, and your attendant must rub you with this during the shampooing, kneading the delicate fragrance into your glowing skin. Stockings long enough to pass for tights are slowly becoming favorite gear for those who can afford to follow every whim of fashion.

The recently cabled reports that Mrs. Alice Shaw had declined to marry an English lord and an Italian duke are a new instance of the fact that a whither hath no honor in her own country. For several winters her full Mrs. Shaw went begging for an audience among us. But Mrs. Shaw has twins, and an appetite, and to satisfy these matters she eventually resolved on the, at that time of precarious condition in her finances, desperate measure of seeking in London the money that was refused her in New York. But Mrs. Shaw is at once a pretty woman, musician of ability and a novelty. These qualities, joined to some good letters, soon gained her an introduction into English society. The first important victim of her charms was the Shah of Persia, a gentleman who no longer looked on the fair wifely than he despatched an equerry to ascertain on what terms he could add her to his harem. Although this was a distinct triumph over Sorosis, it is very much to Mrs. Shaw's credit that she refused to entertain the proposition. With the dignity of a modern mother of the Gracchi, Mrs. Shaw entrenched herself behind her twins and gave the mitten to the Shah. Since that proposed international match was broken off Mrs. Shaw has devoted herself to whistling and money-making with assiduity and success at £10 a night. She has been smiled on by the Prince of Wales, and divided with Baraam the applause of London. She has refused a Devonshire peerage and a Roman dukedom.

School children will learn much faster if they are made comfortable and kept in perfect health. Very few escape severe coughs and colds during the winter months. It is an easy matter to avoid the discomforts and distress of coughs and colds by using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is by far the best treatment ever brought into general use for coughs, colds and hoarseness. When the first symptoms of cold appear, use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the cold can be broken up at once. Sold by A. L. Shrader.

The best place in the city of Lincoln to get good board is at Brown's cafe. You have a great variety to select from and the prices are reasonable.

BEAUTY AT WASHINGTON.

PICTURES OF SIX WOMEN WHO ARE HANDSOME AND FAMOUS.

Mattie Mitchell, Kate Deering and Mattie Thompson, Three Beautiful Girls—Mrs. L. F. Morton, Mrs. Joseph McDonald and Mrs. Russell Harrison, Handsome Matrons

It is an easy task to name the cleverest, the wittest or the best gowned woman in Washington, for all will agree that Mrs. James G. Blaine is the first, Mrs. Robert-Robert's the second and Mrs. L. F. Morton the third, but the fairest woman—the world will have to be the Paris of that contest, for the capital has the cream of woman's loveliness from every clime. There are two—Miss Mitchell and Miss Letler—who are almost as famous for their beauty as Nellie Hazeltine or Sallie Ward, and they have gained their repute in many a difficult field—Miss Letler in Washington, New York, Newport and Paris, and Miss Mitchell in Washington and Paris. Both have been out three or four seasons, but the dispute over their rival claims is as heated as at their presentation.

"The loveliest! Miss Letler, sans doute," says the foreigner, who has an eye to her millions.

"There can be no question of Mattie Mitchell's superior beauty," is the decisive answer of those who do not hear the clink of money, and in proof of it, they point to her as she

looks in a ballroom in a pose she often takes, that of sitting on a low divan and turning her adorable face upward to the gallants who bend over her. When she is at her best, she wears a gown of heliotrope and silver in which the deep tone of the violet is shown in the cineture about the waist. It is drawn from the shoulder points and caught by a star of pearl threads at the curve of the white bust. A similar star is fastened in the hair just above the center of the forehead. Her hair is a dark amber and her eyes violet. There are dimples in the round cheeks, and other dimples at the corner of the mouth when she smiles, which she does often in an insouciant fashion, as though the incense of the world was sweet in the nostrils, which tilt a little and give the baby face its one touch of daring.

But the wonder of her beauty is that she never looks disturbed, even in the stifling atmosphere of a ball room. Other girls may make those furtive little rabs about the nose and forehead which mean a "dry wash," but she sits as cool as a lily of the valley in its chosen spot on the north side of the house. But she is short, and one is always disappointed in her when she rises. Not dumpy short, for her form is as shapely as her face, but of a height that girls much less pretty can look queenly beside her.

Of the younger matrons, Mrs. Russell Harrison is one of the most beautiful. Mrs. Harrison has blue eyes, which have the rare quality of dilating and appearing almost black under excitement. Her hair is tawny, her skin warm and full of color, and there is always a little touch of expectancy about her face that is charming.

Two picturesque, although not strictly beautiful, women are Mrs. Wilmerding, Secretary Tracy's only daughter, and her friend, Mrs. T. B. M. Mason. Mrs. Wilmerding is tall and of peculiar grace of carriage. Mrs. Mason is slight and tall and always looks the most distinguished woman in any room because of her heavy blonde hair, which she wears in a fashion few women attempt—in wide plaits, closely shaping the head from the forehead to the nape of the neck.

Matthew Arnold five years ago pronounced Mrs. Joseph McDonald the most beautiful woman in America. She is one of the few women who have received the unqualified admiration of every woman who has seen her. There is a mother and daughter here who are an exquisite pair. They are Mrs. Elliott F. Coues, the divorced wife of the theosophist, Dr. Coues, and her 19-year-old daughter. Both are fair, slender and æsthetic, but the daughter's face is joyous and the mother's woefully sad.

The Cost of Civilization. The South Wilkesbarre mine horror, in which eight men recently lost their lives, again illustrates the peril at which modern civilization is supplied with its comforts and luxuries. Trains leave tracks, boilers explode, bridges give way, linemen are shocked to death, miners perish by flame or damp, all as incidents to furnishing rapid transportation, adequate lights, warmth and steam power. The giants of the elements are valuable slaves, but when they burst their bonds they wreak a terrible revenge for servitude.

Wealth Did Him Little Good. An old man named Thomas Gary died recently at a boarding house in Fort Scott, Kan. No one imagined that he was a person of means, but after his death \$27,000 in bills was found concealed in his vest. He had been a farmer, had toiled hard, saved his money, and never expended anything even for the rational enjoyments of life. Now strangers are quarreling over the cash which brought its accumulator no pleasure save that of possession.

laughter in them, her nose fine and small, and she has a slow, sweet smile that makes her the loveliest creature in a room full of fair ones. She dresses with originality, and one of her gowns is a pink mist of crepe in which dozens of oval black swallows—gemine birds—are caught.

The next beauties we will catch on a canvas. The one is blonde, rosy, patrician, and sits her horse with the erectness of an Eng-



MRS. L. F. MORTON.

lish woman. The other is almost as brown as fallen oak leaves and with a spirited bearing that makes her slender black horse seem tame. They are Miss Minnie Wanamaker and her friend, Kate Deering, daughter of a navy officer. Miss Wanamaker has been often described, but Miss Deering, although confessedly a girl of the most unusual beauty, has rarely been mentioned. She was born in Maine, but one would as soon think of Helene's palm tree growing on the barren soil of the pine tree as of the glowing, tropical beauty springing from that far northern state. She is very tall, slight, and one can fancy her as a girl of 14 made up of awkwardness and eyes. The eyes are still there, but not the awkwardness. They are as large as an Andalusian girl's, but narrower, and she has a trick of letting the light flit up in a slanting fashion through the long, black lashes. She understands the art of dressing her dark beauty and oftenest wears daffodil yellow, with a golden fillet in her black hair or glowing Venetian red.

But when Mrs. Morton is in a ball room she attracts more eyes than the rosiest de-



MRS. RUSSELL HARRISON.

butante. She must have been of rare beauty in her girlhood days, for few ladies of this day will be so regal looking as she twenty years from now. Her eyes are dark brown, her skin of a wonderful satiny texture, and her hair white, blanching by suffering, not by age. Of her five daughters, the second one, Lena, inherits her beauty in the fullest degree.

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CAROLINE SEPTON PEPPER.

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MATTIE MITCHELL.



MATTIE THOMPSON.



KATE DEERING.

proves old Kentucky's claim to the handsomest women and finest horses. She has been chaperoned two winters by Mrs. John G. Carlisle and the gay Kentucky colony, and has been more universally admired than any of the new beauties. Her great beauty is in her complexion, which is a uniform pink from the tiny ears to the shapely arms, glowing into one depth of rose in her cheeks. Her eyes are brown and with a fullness of

MY ANCIENT HOME.

Written expressly for The American Press Association.

Words by MARY HITCHCOCK.

Music by GRACE HITCHCOCK.

1. Be - fore my yearn - ing
2. I see the owl - ing
3. O true and faith - ful
4. Bring back the old and

Moderato.

eyes I see my an - cient home; I see a
shade Fall from the ma - ple bough; I see the
hillside O how green and fair! Ve see the
true. Give back the loved to me; Breaks are my

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